The good Advice

GARLAND;

Compoſed of Three Excellent

New Songs.

I. A Godly Exortation to all, both Old and Young; Or, The never failing Way to Heaven.

II. The Female's Gaurdian; Or, kind Advice to Virgins in general.

III. The happy Couple; Or, The Pleaſures that attend a Country Life.

Licenced and enter'd according to Order.

The Good Advice GARLAND, &c.

1ſt, *A Godly Exortation to all, both Old and Young; Or, the never failing Way to Heaven; commonly known, by the Name, of when we ſhall take our laſt good Night.*

To its own proper Tune.

WHEN I think on my laſt good Night,
And how that all muſt once depart;
From Darkneſs to eternal Light,
O Lord how joyful is my Heart:
Farewel all Anguiſh, Grief and Smart,
Away all Sorrow from my Sight;
When gentle Death comes with his Dart,
And bids me take my laſt good Night.

I find my Joy beginning elſe,
To think of that eternal Glory;
The Holy Spirit doth me tell,
I ſhall be crown'd for evermore:
I will leave of my Tears therefore,
And be no more a woful Weight;
But ſing with Mirth for Mourning ſore;
When I ſhall bid the World good Night.

Heaven

Heaven and Earth ſhall paſs away,
God ſhall create others new,
Our Bodies that's of Duſt and Clay,
Shall change unto a heavenly Hew:
God of his Word is ever true,
Cauſe us to ſhine like Angels bright;
Then ſhall we have no Cauſe to rue,
When we bid this World good Night.

The Mountains ſurely ſhall be mov'd,
Then ſhall be heard great Shouts and Cries,
When Chriſt Jeſus our dear belov'd,
Shall come in Glory through the Skies:
The Trumpet ſhall ſound, the Dead ariſe,
The Tyrants ſhall quake with all their Might,
A ſudden Fear ſhall them ſurprize,
When we take our laſt good Night.

The poor Sheperds that live in Tents,
Feeding their Flocks in Poverty:
Shall have as great Lands, Livings and Rents,
As Kings that live in Royalty:
Their Pride ſhall all forſaken be,
The lowly Heart rais'd up on high,
Singing with Mirth eternally,
When we ſhall take our laſt good Night.

What greater Pleaſure would you wiſh,
Then for to be exalted high;
And crown'd with perfect Joy and Bliſs,
Free from all Kind of Miſery:
When we that heavenly Lamb ſhall ſee,
Shining upon a Throne of Light;
With Angels ſinging joyfully,
When we ſhall bid this World good Night.

They

They ſhall in Equity obtain the Prize,
That fought the Battle to the End;
Then ſhall they lay their Armour down,
Wherewith they won't them to defend:
The Sighs and Sobs they us'd to ſend,
Unto the Lord of Strength and Might;
He will us from all Fears defend,
When we ſhall take our laſt good Night.

Rejoice in God, and be content,
To ſuffer ſomething for his Name;
Redeem the Time that thou haſt ſpent,
confeſs thy Sins though to thy Shame;
Be glad that God hath call'd thee Home,
Humble thyſelf before his Sight;
Subdue the Loſs with Patience tame,
Then we ſhall take our laſt good Night.

The Poor living in Exile,
Thinking they have to fight,
After they liv'd a little while,
Again they ſee their native Land:
The mighty Lord will come at Hand,
And put their Enemies to the Flight;
And relieve his own afflicted Band,
When we ſhall take our laſt good Night.

Glory be to the King of Kings,
Who made the Heaven, the Earth and Seas;
And to his Son, in whom all Things,
In Heaven and Earth do bow their Knees;
The ſame like Power and Glory be
Unto the Spirit of Strength and Might,
Who comforts thoſe that comfortleſs be,
When we ſhall take our laſt good Night.

2d. *The Female Guardian: Or, A Word of kind Advice to the fair and beautiful Virgins in general.*

To a pleaſant New Tune.

YOung Virgins ſo fair, of Honour, Birth and Breeding,
If Happineſs you would enjoy,
Take my Advice, who for your Cauſe ſtands pleading,
Pray have a Care of Love's Decoy;
Young Men will flatter, cringe and bow before you,
Nay, they'll not ſtick to ſwear how they adore you;
Truſt them not, leſt your Lot,
Should be full of Sorrow,
Which may not, may not ſoon wear off.

If you have a Mind to take a little Pleaſure,
At your Leiſure, then pray mind,
Virgins be ſure to keep your Maiden Treaſure,
Safe and ſecure from all Mankind.
For when it is loſt, your Joys are all a going,
Then farewel to the pleaſant Time of wooing?
Happy State, there's a Fate,
Matrimony Muſick,
La, Laby, Baby, is all the Tune.
Should you have a Mind to entertain a Lover,
If he be civil, don't him ſlight;
If he be rude, exchange him for another,
Never, never, entertain him all the Night,

Leſt

Leſt while you ſleep, his buſy Hands are moving,
And it may cauſe you for to dream of loving
When you awake, then you quake,
Taken with a Trembling,
Then all your Joys are from you fled.

Pure unſpotted Love, is like a bluſhing Flower,
Which is ſweet to entertain
Long tho' preſerved, yet's loſt in half an Hour,
And never can return again.
Now inſtead of faſt quiet Slumbers,
Girls, beware. Fears without Numbers;
Girls, beware, ſhun the Snare,
Let not Men deceive you;
Be ſure your Honour to maintain.

To be chaſte and wiſe, is every Virgins Glory,
Who can ſay, black is your Eye;
But alas! it proves a melancholly Story,
When too ſoon, too ſoon you do comply;
Young Men are falſe and full of Diſſimulation,
Therefore take Care, and keep your Reputation,
Young and gay while you may,
Flouriſh every Morning,
Beauty, Beauty, like the riſing Sun.

Never truſt a Lover that would fain be doing,
Girls before the Knot is tyed,
For you may be ſure he doth deſign your Ruin;
And you'll ſcarce become his Bride,
Leſt for a while they'll flatter, love and leave you,
Girls truſt them not, and they can't deceive you,
Hold your own, lie alone,
Till you are fairly marry'd,
Have a Care, and keep this golden Rule.

If

If you light on One that is a true pretender,
Never ſhew yourſelfs ſo coy,
In Hand and Heart, be ready to ſurrender,
Then they will crown your Days with Joy;
Leſt for a while they'll flatter, love and leave you,
Girls truſt 'em not, then they cannot grieve you,
Hold your own, lie alone,
Till you are fairly married,
Have a Care and keep this golden Rule.

3d. *The happy Couple; Or, The Pleaſures that attend a Country Life.* To a new Tune,

IT was my Chance to meet my Love,
Whom I ſo highly prize;
Beneath yon ſhady Myrtle Grove,
Juſt as the Sun did riſe.
The Birds they ſung melodiouſly,
And pleaſant was the Air,
For there was none but ſhe and I,
Amongſt the Lillies fair.

She through the dewy Graſs did wade,
Which ſeem'd her to annoy,
I pity'd her, and thus I ſaid,
My Dear and only Joy:
What makes you walk ſo ſoon this Day,
Your Journey to perſue;
Before bright Phæbus's gilded Beams,
Has dry'd the Morning Dew.

Said ſhe I go to view my Flocks,
My Ewes and tender Lambs, Which

Which on yon Vallies, Hills and Rocks,
Are feeding with their Dams:
Where I with Joy and ſweet Content,
I happy am indeed;
So Hand in Hand away they went,
To ſee how Lambs did feed.

'Amongſt the pleaſant ſhady Groves,
There did we ſport and play,
My Love with modeſt bluſhing Looks,
Would often ſigh and ſay,
Let us amongſt ſoft ſilken Flowers,
Enjoy our blooming Prime;
And ſweetly paſs away thoſe Hours,
That ſlide away with Time.

The Patriarch to gain a Wife,
Chaſt, beautiful and young,
Serv'd fourteen Years a painful Life,
And never thought it long,
If that you would my Time reward,
If Life ſo long would ſtay,
Not fourteen, but four hundred Years,
And count it as one Day.

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